

ISSUE

1

DAZED & CONFUSED

ISSUE

1

£1.50

NEW!
NEW!
NEW!
NEW!

EDITORIAL

This is not a magazine. This is not a conspiracy to force opinion into the subconscious of stylish young people. A synthetic leisure culture is developing - plastic people force fed on canned entertainment and designer food. Are you ready to be Dazed & Confused? Get high on oxygen! This is urban ideas for creative people. People who want to read - something else.

BLACK
BUSH

**WILLIAM BURROUGHS
JOHN GODBER
TOMMY COOPER
ASTRODOLL
AUDIO 1
MIRAGE
SUBGENIUS
HEROES
ZAP ART**

**URBAN IDEAS FOR
CREATIVE PEOPLE**

* This issue of Dazed & Confused is sponsored by Black Bush Irish whiskey.

WILD ABOUT VIDEO

Dazed & Confused is looking for talented new directors/video & film makers to contribute. We would like to feature stills and highlight the work of innovators in these fields. All work will be returned. Thank you.

**Don't hesitate to contribute to
Dazed & Confused.**

This is an open access magazine - for your ideas and your hopes. Please send written details, photographs, illustrations and videos etc to: The editorial team, *Dazed & Confused*, Top Floor, 52 Bermondsey Street, London SE1 3DU.

Photo: Mexican Tourists in London; Nickole Moss-Philips at Old Time Photographs, Basement, Trocadero, Piccadilly Circus.

"We arrived on Friday and will stay here until next Sunday. Then we're onto Czechoslovakia, Germany and then back home to Mexico. We've been to Windsor Palace, Camden Town and the shopping is great."

Thanks for the wild turkey and the passenger pigeons, destined to be shit out through wholesome American guts.

Thanks for a continent to despoil and poison.

Thanks for Indians to provide a modicum of challenge and danger.

Thanks for vast herds of bison to kill and skin leaving the carcasses to rot.

Thanks for bounties on wolves and coyotes.

Thanks for the American Dream, to vulgarise and falsify until the bare lies shine through.

Thanks for the KKK. For nigger-killin' lawmen, feelin' their notches.

For decent, church goin' women with their mean, pinched, bitter, evil faces.

Thanks for "Kill a Queer for Christ" stickers.

Thanks for laboratory AIDS.

Thanks for prohibition and the war against drugs.

Thanks for a country where nobody's allowed to mind their own business.

Thanks for a nation of finks.

Yes, thanks for all the memories - all right let's see your arms!

You always were a headache and you always were a bore.

Thanks for the last and greatest betrayal of the last and greatest of human dreams.

AS SEEN ON AMERICAN TV TALK SHOWS

A THANKSGIVING PRAYER

BY WILLIAM. S. BURROUGHS

CONFUSED 2035AD

ISSUE 1



MIRAGE

IT'S AN ILLUSORY THING

Mirage is: Photomontage/ image manipulation/ new perspectives/ visual sampling/ hedonist propaganda/ slide display and video mesmeric/ future memories/ mantra and mandala/ record sleeves/ illustration/ murals. Mirage is: a raw field of images distilled through the pleasure gauge into a

loaded cocktail. Our eyes and minds are pounded by visual stimuli from print media every day, products of trivia and mundanity queuing up to pull their pathetic little triggers in our faces and disappear into the desert with only a crumpled aerosol can to mark the spot. Sell by date: yesterday. Yesterday is populated with mountains of paper, pulpy and glossy; dunes and valleys of bump; ghostly torn and yellowed features about lifestyles of people you couldn't give a shit about. Shredded gift catalogues. Prize draw competitions, vile porcelain doll offers and oceans of high profile/ corporate image/ automobile ads. Long on expense. Short on staying power. Doomed to

almost instant obsolescence like the products they depict. Mirage moves among the dead print, searching through the dross for colours, textures and shapes of beauty, pleasure images. Stripped of meaning, they are up for a respray/ refit/ reincarnation. Mira: Mira: Mirage is a reflection crystallised from clipped fragments of information. Composite images that exist in the spaces between familiar worlds: worlds of advertising, worlds of consumerism, printed worlds of propaganda. Mirage has hybrid fertile growths sprouting in the cracks of the corporate building. Pope John Paul; when we found him he

was a company cowboy. Now he packs a Walther PPK in his belt and a Mr. Whippy King Cone in his papal fist. Albert Einstein: he feeded someone to articulate his dreams. We struck up a working relationship. Mirage consumer quiz - spot the connection: Chimpanzees/ tea bags. Tigers/ petrol. Waterfalls/ toothpaste. Cuddly puppies/ asswipe. How many did you get right? Mira, Mira: on the wall. These are not imperatives. These are not directives. These are alternatives. **Mirage: If it existed, we wouldn't have to invent it.**

Commissions and wild schemes: 071 485 9666 071 482 2442.

A PUKKA POSTER

The poster on the reverse was produced for Dazed & Confused by wild urban artists Zap Art.

Zap Art: Whose Culture is it Anyway? **D&C:** Er...? **Zap Art:** What do you know about my colour copies? **D&C:** Er...? **Zap Art:** The unreality of the image generated by technological means is synonymous with the new media reality. **D&C:** Er...? Well it's a pukka poster. **Zap Art:** Thank you **D&C:** No, Thank you.

Contact: Bernard Gudynas, 33-41 Dallington Street, London, EC1V 0BB. Tel: 071 250 3888.

ZAP ART

ZAP ART

JOHN GODBER ON JOHN GODBER

John Godber, artistic director of the Hull Truck Theatre Company playright.

The more I work in the theatre the more I become confused by what attracted me to it. Was it the chance for stardom? Was it the smell of the actors and the roar of the crowd? Or was it all a ghastly accident and soon I'll be out of the hospital and back on teaching practice? As a young man I used laughter as a means of protecting myself. I was extremely tall and thin as an adolescent, the butt of a number of bully's jokes. I was also blessed with big ears and short hair, which gave the

impression of a sort of elongated wing nut. That I should hide behind laughter is of little surprise, I had nothing else to hide behind. So I wanted to be a comic actor, but my parents were keen that I should be a prison warden because I was tall and you got a pension. In 1974 I was beaten up in the street by an ex A.B.A light heavyweight boxing champion and from then on I decided to change my appearance. I took up a course in bodybuilding, but I didn't like the tablets you had to chew so nothing much happened. I then



worked as a dust man for five months and, like Gregor Samsa, I awoke one morning to discover that I had tured into a seventeen stone drama student. It was safe to be witty and thin, but it was something dangerous to be funny and able to bench-press twice your own body weight. So why was I still involved in the theatre if this sense of protecting oneself had diminished? Was it the shared experience of a live performance? Was it the bonding of lost souls in the stalls of the Leeds Grand? Or was it the women? As I think back it was certainly the women that made me go and watch a live performance of Sleeping Beauty in Blackpool in 1967. I was eleven and I'd never seen twelve girls dancing together so beautifully before. Come to think of it, I'd never seen twelve girls together before. I lived a very sheltered life, but in the Tower Ballroom I was altered to the magic of performance. To the warm feeling it makes you have. To the mesmeric fascination of the human form. I believed in the theatre then. A theatre of the senses. A theatre that could touch and amuse, hurt and comfort. A theatre of emotion. Where has that theatre

gone? I think I've lost it. In fact I think I lost it in Leeds. I became fascinated about what other people wrote about the theatre. I wanted so much to go into a hotel and check in as Dr. Godber. I wrote my qualifications an every letter I sent, I even carved my qualifications into a tree stump in Wakefield, it was worrying. I was becoming an intellectual fart, able to sit through the most tedious of evenings in the theatre and talk about them as if I'd just seen the heaven's open. "Yeah interesting. And did you notice the way the symbolism of late Ibsen was echoed through the set design. "Why didn't I stand up in the theatre and stop the performance? Why didn't I shout for the actor onstage left to speak up because I couldn't hear him? Why didn't I tell the actress who had apparently been at the National to get on with it? Why didn't I fast forward to the good bits? There are only two types of theatre, good theatre and bad theatre. Why do we put up with the nonsense of being bored mindless whilst some fart wanders around the stage being sensitive? What is it? When it works it works brilliantly, but when it doesn't work I find myself chair counting, "oh look, this seat was donated by

the Duke of Westminster." I believe in the theatre. I don't believe in any anti-intellectual theatre as some mistakenly think, but I believe in an anti-dull-for-the-sake-of-art theatre. Quite often I see a play and it has some good bits. Maybe a director allows blossoms to fall on the stage, and in the papers the next day the critics are ecstatic, "so beautiful, mesmerising." Maybe they live the sheltered life I lived at eleven. But then maybe I ask too much of the theatre. Maybe it can't be the fun palace and the church at the same time? As I bring this ramble to a close I think those insecurities of hiding in the theatre are still with me. In the arts we are forever apologising for our work. When people tell me they've seen one of my plays I feel sorry for them. I ask them immediately, "what was it like?" I think there is within me the desire to be accepted by the ordinary man in the street not told to some aloof notion that theatre and art is only for the gifted few. like the Emperor's new clothes, I tend to see many naked performances, because they don't seem to relate directly to the world outside. And yes, I can waffle with the best of them about the spiritual impurity

of twentieth century life, but what concerns me most is that we find a new, young audience or the theatre will die. It's not enough to say that the theatre will sustain itself through the interest of like minded people. It is important to open the doors for others and have a theatre that doesn't make the average viewer feel inadequate. I'm not calling for a bottoming out of standards. I'm calling for a theatre of emotion where everyone can be touched, be it laughter or tears. But even as I write this I ask myself what good is it? What part does it play in our society? What function does it have apart from being a club? And even though I know the answers, or at least the stock responses, I want it to be more. I think it was clearer what role drama had in actual life when I was working as a drama teacher. There are some, I suspect who wish I still was a drama teacher. I suppose that the theatre fascinates me because I am always looking for that one piece of fine art that makes it all worthwhile.

Photo: Untitled

"... THROWING DOWN THE CHALLENGE TO A SIX PACK AND A VIDEO,"

SUNDAY TIMES

LEMON SQUEEZER EASY TIMES

"What a night, the DJ's were chucking out some wicked tunes, people were all smiles and the atmosphere was all buzzing, but all too soon it was over. The 3.30am curfew was on us again, or so we thought until someone handed us a flyer for a café. "A café?" I said, "at this time of night?" Besides I'm not even hungry, mind you all these people have to go some where. They can't all live in the West End? Needless to say we checked it out anyway and were damn glad we did. Not sure what to expect we caught our trusty nightbus to King's Cross, an all night café with turntables in Amsterdam or Ibiza maybe, but King's Cross!" Rob Evans Lemon Squeezer.

D&C: How did you come up with the name Lemon Squeezer?
RE: It was a term we used when we were clubbing. A saying among a group of friends. When the question of a name for the café came up it was hot contender. Other names were Soul Kitchen, Funky Salad Bowl and the most obscure Café Dove.
D&C: Is there much in a name?
RE: When you're dealing with food no. But we like to see ourselves as part of a club culture where names are important. Lemon Squeezer - it fits the bill.
D&C: From the flyer, it doesn't seem like a run of the mill café.
RE: It's a young people

café. People of the night. Pre-club party people, chilling.
D&C: So, apart from the people, what can people expect?
RE: A lot of people! A sociable atmosphere, with good music and good food. We're doing special milkshakes. Guaraná milkshakes. real lemonade. Lots of cool things like Lucozade and special salads. There's no uncool food like corn beef or salami.
D&C: I noticed on the flyer it said London, Ibiza, Amsterdam. Is there more to the Lemon Squeezer?
RE: There will be eventually. We're doing an amateur film club downstairs and the walls are being used as gallery space for an end of year photography exhibition. With Ibiza and Amsterdam, it's all possible. We want to do Lemon Squeezer one-nighters at clubs. Create a party force to be reckoned with. Like Boys Own. They do it with clubs, records and a magazine, but I'm sure they've never tried cafés.

Guaraná Milkshake

One scoop of vanilla ice cream
4 splashes of Guaraná
half glass of milk
half banana
Lemon Squeezer added fruit such as peach, strawberry, plum and apple to taste.

AUDIO 1

What is the difference between reality and that which is artificial? Who judges when something is the genuine artifact? The fact is that no-one has the right to define the boundaries. Yet, we are constantly being fed indicators of what is real. Remember Coke - it's the real thing - because they invented it, they were there from the beginning. Aborigines (the name comes from the Latin for "from the beginning, the original") have interesting views on reality. They believe that we are only truly alive when we are in our dream state; when our minds can wander freely without the everyday restrictions imposed on us when we are conscious. Yet, in our formative years when we were learning,

we were instructed to stop living in a fantasy world. Real life is really associated with lots of mind numbing work, large amounts of telly watching tedium and frustration. Running away, be it to another country or another level of consciousness is seen as escaping from reality. Frowned upon. Fantasy is normally associated with money and glamour. Those with everything are said to be living a make believe/ Dallas lifestyle. Seldom is the quality of their lives discussed. Do you live to just exist? One person's fantasy is another's hell; and problems stem from never really appreciating 'the moment'. As soon as we acquire something, our appreciation of it immediately starts to diminish. Don't kid yourself. Virtual reality, the mother of all media, where our wildest fantasies are given free reign, is the coming

salvation (or so we're told) of all our frustrations. Here we go, suspended between terra firma and the terrific! We can finally escape into a TV land where everything is bright and new and full of colour... But be careful that when you land in your real world that re-entry isn't too painful. The only real way to experience life is to constantly change. Yet, by nature we are driven by an instinct to accept what we know, the familiar. Our points of reference comfort us. It sort of keeps us safe, and alive... but tends to exert this overwhelming deadening of the senses. So we look for a way out

HEARING YOU LOUD... AND CLEAR.

Photo: Paul Wither using his own specially constructed pin-hole camera.
Contact: Room Service Music, 36 The Avenue, Muswell Hill, London N10 2QL. Tel. 081 883 0108.



of the monotony... but at the end of the day, the buck stops with you, bucko. Reality is 'so hard' because you resist exchanging routine for radical living. Our reality has been

gained through reading, what we listen to, are influenced by or conditioning. And really, there is only one message from me... Get Real. Love Audio 1

COSMIC COSMIC

Don't Lose Your Silverthread.

Astrodoll. Contact: 0459 104667.

Living in London 1991, I don't see the point of doing something I could have done in fifteenth century France. It's important to use resources currently available. I feel that by collaging with popular images I can express myself in a way that will be more acceptable for the viewer because of the familiarity of the source material. Through juxtaposition of images, points can be made in a very thought provoking manner. I also love collaging as a medium because of the tactile texture and the dreamy surreal reality one can achieve. Bringing a picture into being means my scalp goes on a journey through the collective superconscious

mind, cutting out the images/symbols that require materialising. It can mean unexpected encounters. Sometimes no more comes of it than me getting pregnant with an idea that slowly grows taking on new shapes and then gets born or even miscarried. As an artist you get a lot of miscarriages. Paintings that were brought out too early or too late. Deformed. Mute. Not all pictures are my children. Some are unexpected visitors knocking on my door in the middle of the night, demanding to tell their story. Some don't even knock, just break in and intrude me. Some haunt me

like ghosts without proper forms; in between leaving and arriving. Some are loud and some just whisper that might stay unnoticed if I don't concentrate to stop now and then and meditate and listen to hear the small voice inside me begging. Remembrance. Acceptance.

The painting, Don't Lose Your Silverthread, shows me when I was 4 years old but with the eyes from my 23 birthday. The title came to me in a dream. It is so easy to get distracted and lose yourself in stuff that's all around you and other

people's expectations. It is important to stay true to your dreams that have been with you since childhood. Important to remember where you came from and where you're going or one becomes like the ghosts without form. When I'm old, I want to be able to face me as a child and say, "I stayed true to you, I didn't let you down. I who was you fulfilled your dreams and made them true. I remembered you. You became me. You are me and I am you, we are complete."

People are always confused about my name. I suppose that since I came to England I haven't met anyone else called the same, but back in Sweden where I was born it is very common. In fact we were three girls in my class at school called Astrodoll. It was very confusing. Believe me and don't lose your silverthread. Don't lose it.

ASTRODOLL

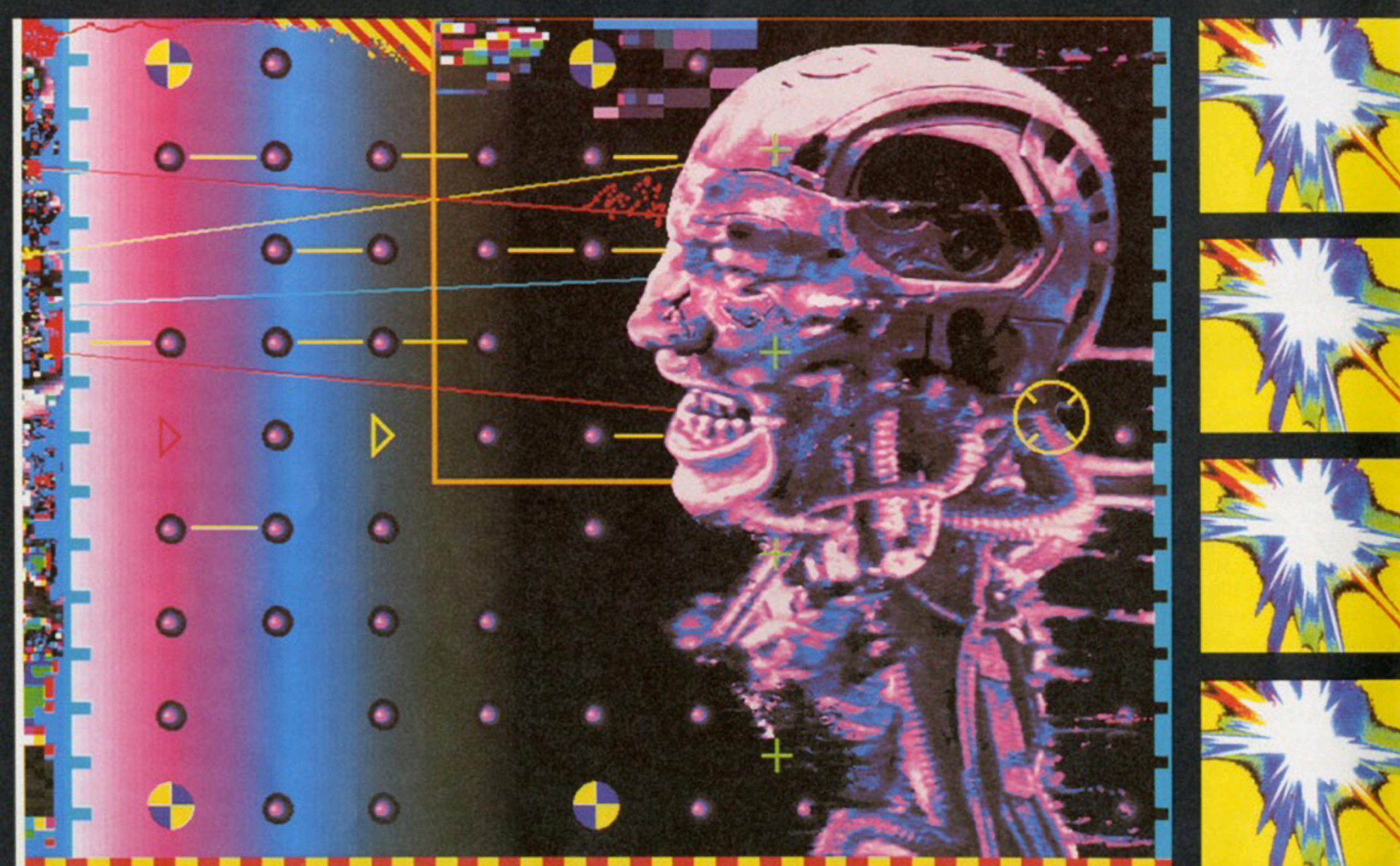
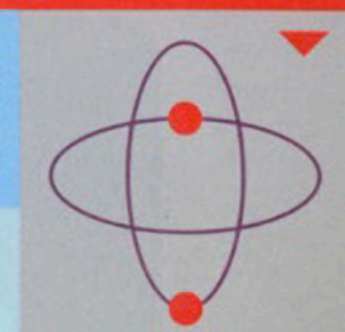
COSMIC COSMIC COLLAGE ART



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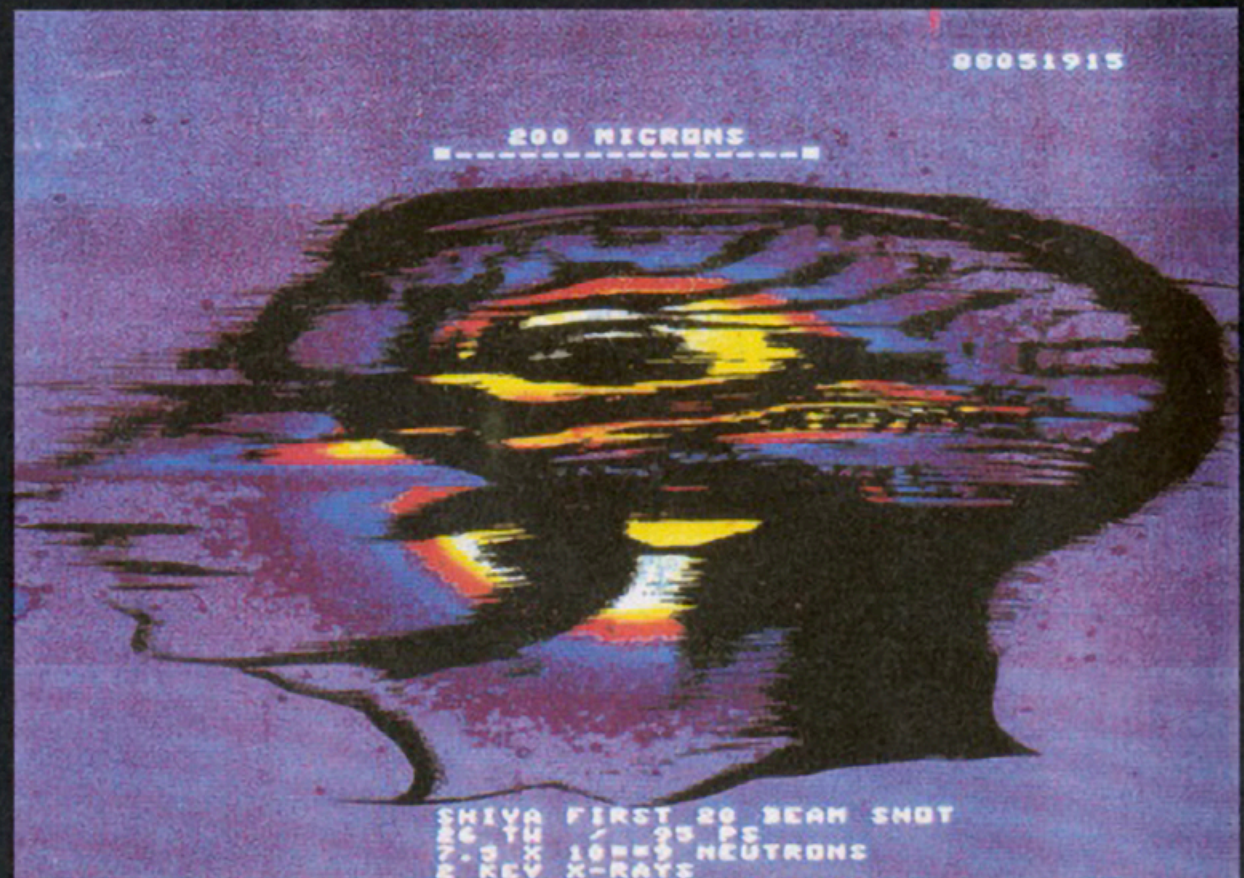
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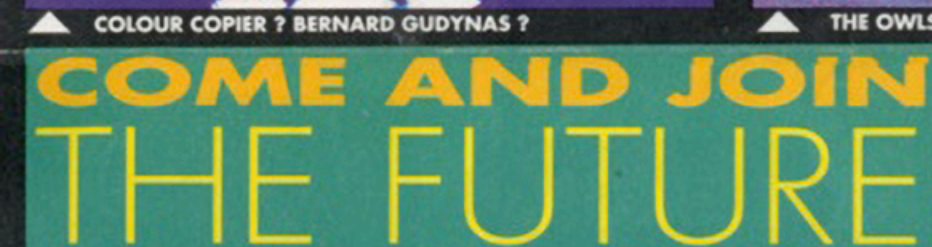
HYPER CEREBRAL MACHINE, PETER GUDYNAS



COLOUR COPIER, BERNARD GUDYNAS



THE OWLS ARE NOT WHAT THEY SEEM, JURGIS LUGAS & BERNARD GUDYNAS



HEAVEN, BERNARD GUDYNAS & JURGIS LUGAS



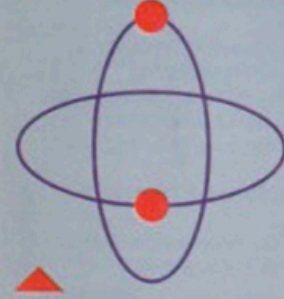
VAN EYCK'S SMARTIE PARTY, BILL PARKER



OBSCURE PER OBSCURIS, ADAM



GOTHED, JOHN BURNS



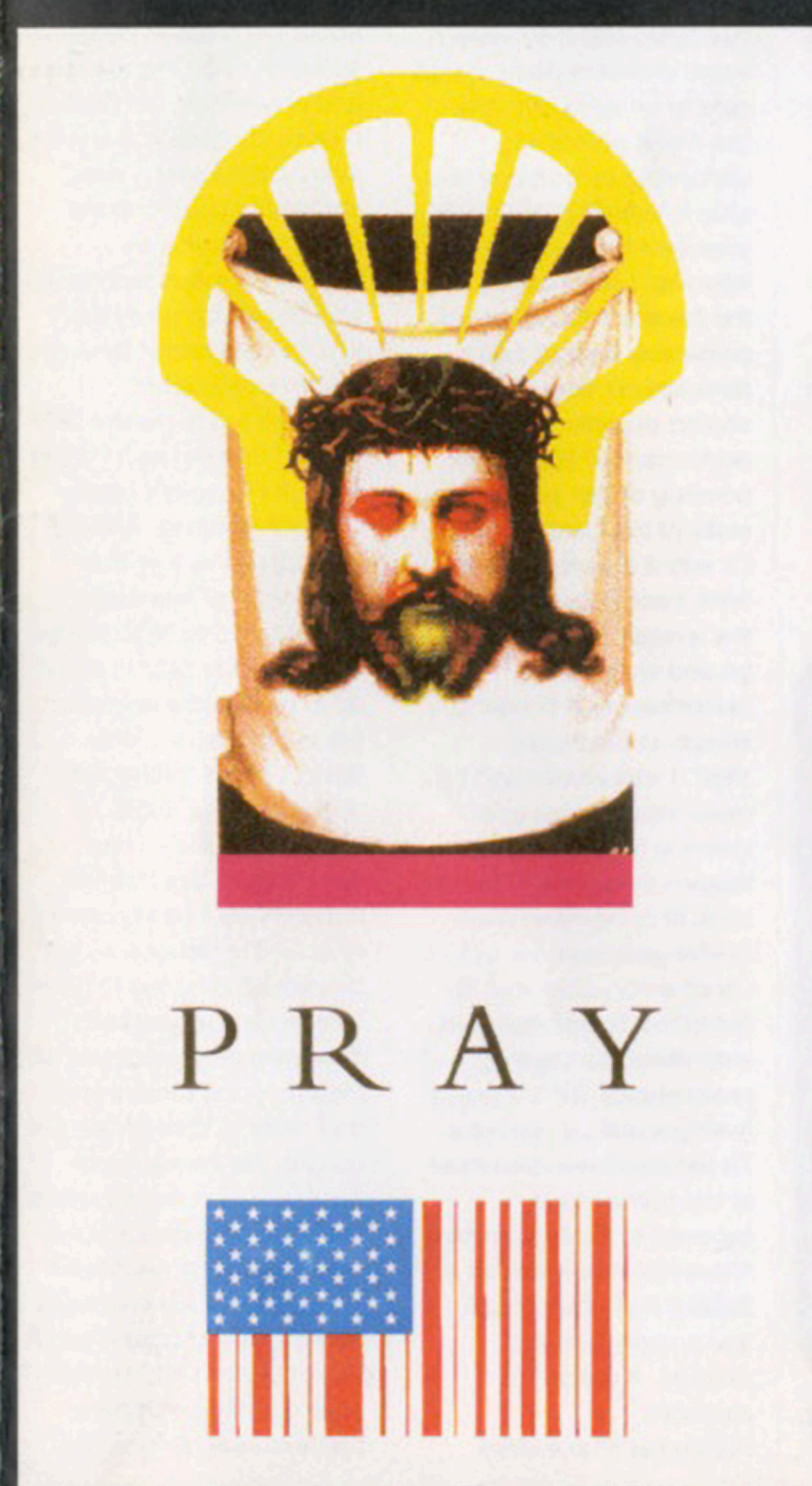
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OUTER AKIKO EK1, DAVID COLLIER



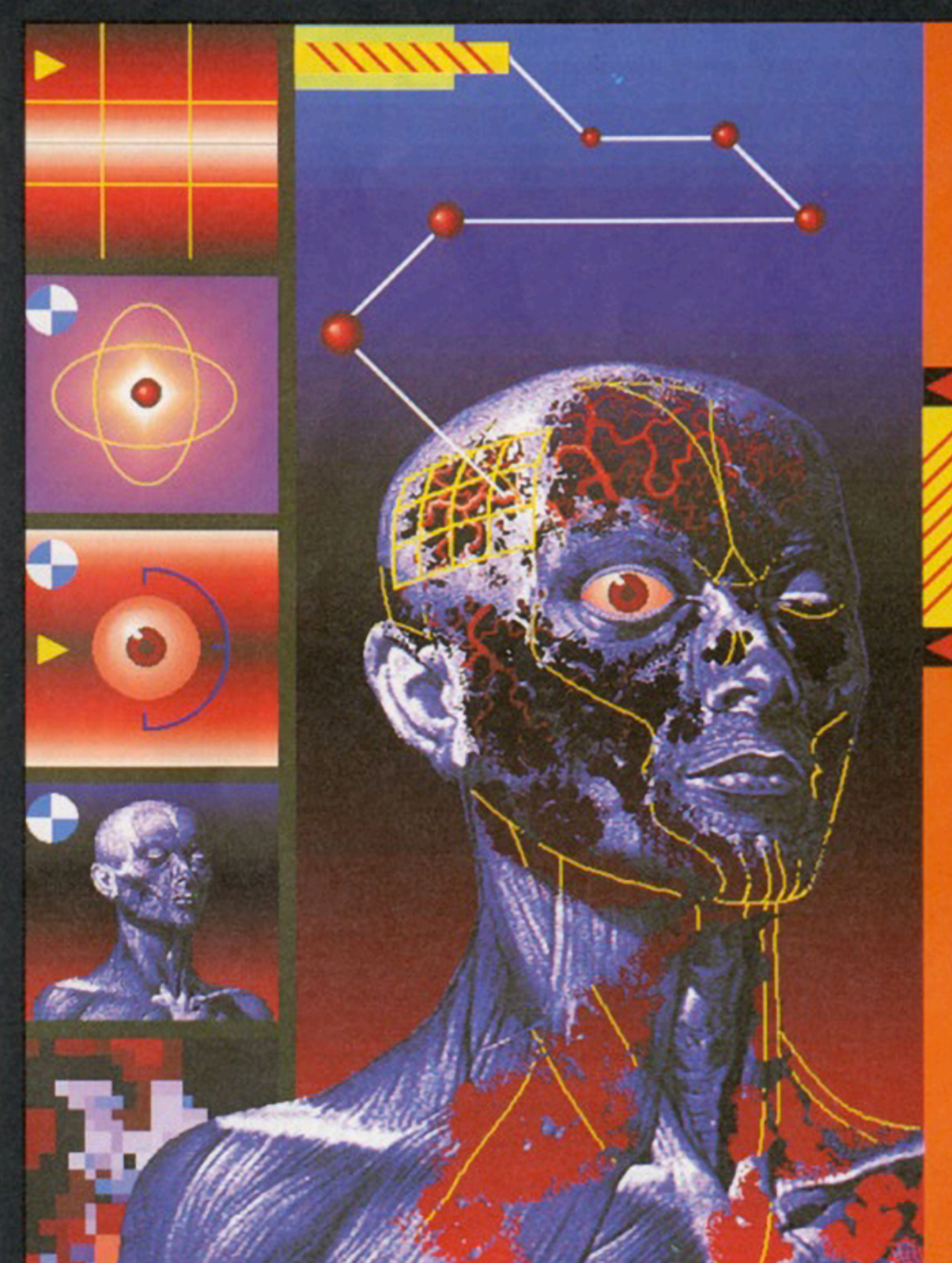
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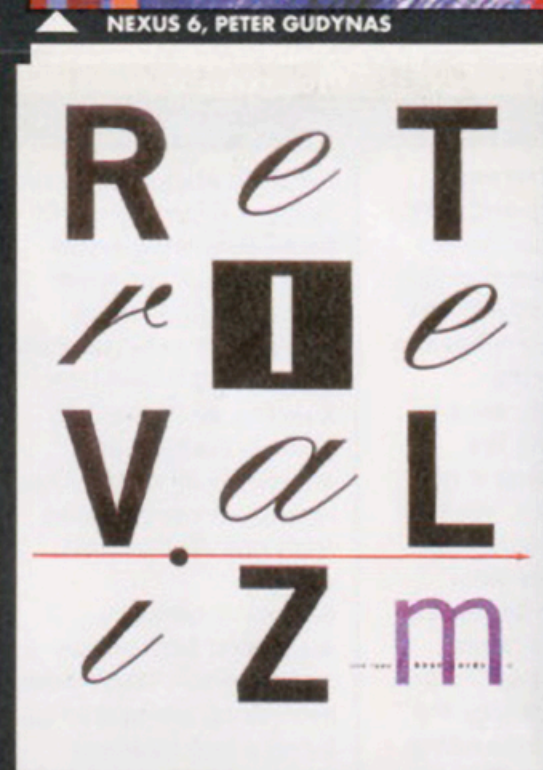
PRAY, JON BARNBROOK



POSITIV PIXELS, BERNARD GUDYNAS, KEVIN WHITE, PHOTO M. BANKS



NEXUS 6, PETER GUDYNAS



MALCOLM GARRETT



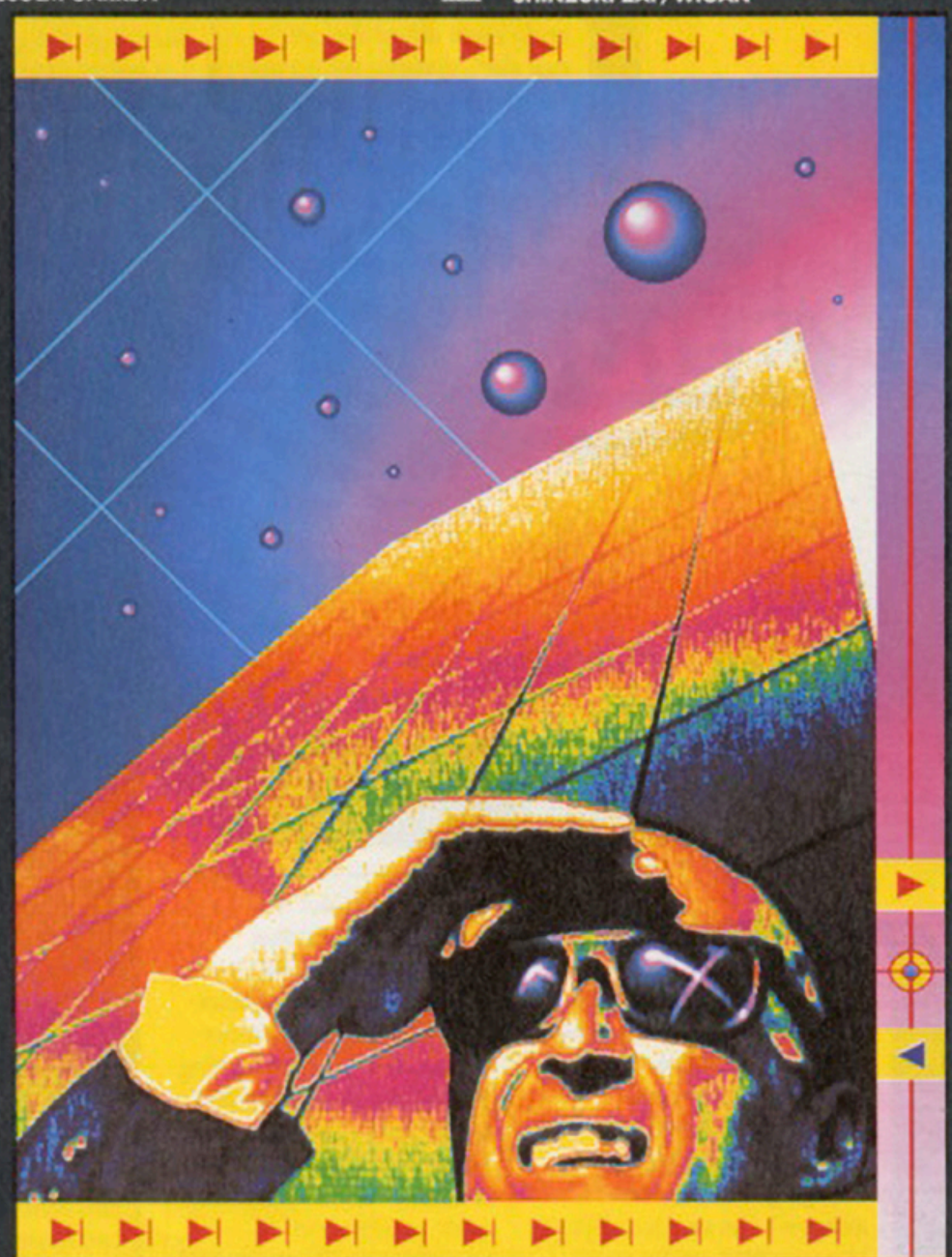
SHINZUKI ZAP, WIGAN



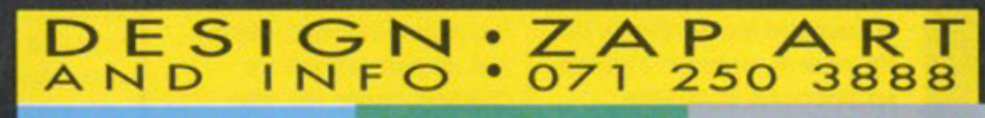
ZAPPED, ANONYMOUS



HUMPH, JON DOYLE



ARMAGEDDON CRAZY, PETER GUDYNAS



THE INVISIBLE BIRD OF DAY, CHARLIE WARD